

## A HOME

Behind the car wash,  
past the vacuum stations  
where blacktop meets  
a field of dry weeds,  
there's a '65, grey Chevy  
pickup, bed filled  
with junk, cab windows  
covered with foil.  
The man who lives  
there has fashioned  
a little room off  
the passenger side  
with plywood panels  
pocked with nail holes.  
The customers of the  
car wash go about  
their cleaning as  
if he weren't there.

## DEAD TIME

In the morning he  
drives to Truckee for  
morning newspaper &  
walks their three dogs  
in national forest  
on his way home.  
In the afternoon,  
about four,  
he splits fir rounds  
for an hour.  
In between times  
his soul dances  
frantically inside his  
aging body, signalling  
futilely to be  
recognized.